

小猫大狗

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Little Cat & Big Dog 小猫大狗 Chapter 1, a manga fiction

Little Cat & Big Dog (小猫大狗)

By Feng Yue Bo (风月泊)

Translated by Reila Project

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Summary: The cat escaped from the danger of the Daemon World, but before she had a chance to enjoy her new freedom she got swindled by an old-fashion, inflexible, boring woman and was forcefully being kept. And to her surprise, that woman was actually transformed from a big dog! How can this be so?! Dogs are so stupid! But then...why did she feel like the more she saw her the more pleasing to the eye she became...

Chapter 1: The Hidden Mountain Deity

April was the rainy season where the sky was overcast and the clouds rolling low, almost as if the world was enveloped in its silence.

Deep in the valley of the looming mountains, white mist shrouded the forest. So thick was the mist that one could not see far on the forest pathway.

From the mist, a young woman holding an umbrella slowly walked out. Even with the rain falling hard, her sleeves had no wet stains and no dirt seemed able to penetrate the whiteness of her robe skirt either.

A flash of lightning crossed over the sky, it's blueish-white hue reflected through the rain droplets and illuminated the graceful face of the young woman. At the same time, it revealed a small delicate creature laying off the side of the pathway in a slightly depressed area covered by grass.

It was a snow-white cat with it's eyes closed tightly shut and blood trickling from the corner of its mouth. It's hair wet and dishevelled matted on its body. It was in a sorry plight; clearly it was deeply wounded but still alive albeit breathing

only faintly.

The young woman stopped her footsteps and looked down at the cat, a frown slowly forming.

This was not a normal cat. There was a strong cold demon stench coming from its soft warm body. Maybe by its natural alertness, even in its wounded state it can still feel the presence of a stranger and forcefully opened its eyes and lifted its head to stare at the young woman with coldness inside its cerulean eyes.

Separated by the misty rain, as their eyes connected with each other, both felt an unknown shocking sensation in their body.

After a long while, the young woman finally stepped closer to the cat and covered it under her tan coloured oil-paper umbrella. She bent down and picked up the muddy and wet little creature all the while ignoring it's guarded threatening glare.

"So stubborn," she said quietly.

Accompanied by the sound of the falling rain, her voice gentle like the soft wind in a bamboo forest surprisingly calmed the cat. It give up its struggle and tiredly closed its eyes.

...

The rain was still falling, forming pools of small puddles on the ground. Foggy mist extended toward the distant skyline with hints of orangey dusk light diffused through out the mountain top giving it a majestic feeling.

This mountain was named "Shen Yin". (lit. "Concealed God")

With it's quiet and beautiful lush growth of trees and flowers, and it's clear and crisp air, it was as if this place really had divine protection. Hence, it earned the name "Shen Yin". Every holiday people from nearby cities and towns would come to the shrine at the foot of the mountain to worship and pray for blessing.

But, the origin of the name also came because of a legend as well.

Legend had it that hidden deep within the mountain's secluded valley was a young, pretty taoist devoted in the ways of becoming a deity. She had powerful Tao magic but no one knows where she lived. If one was to walk deep into the

mountain, pass the dense maze-like fog, and lucky enough to find the stone tablet with "Shen Yin" written on it, then they could pray in earnestly and hope a chance from the semi-goddess Taoist to help them; whether it was to create a "miracle", rid of demons, or hunt ghosts. Over time, people praised her with the title "Mountain Deity".

However, because the deity loved quietness and didn't like to be bothered, not many people traveled into the mountain.

Of course, at the beginning when young noble men heard of this, they were curious to go into the mountain and seek out this pretty deity. They all learned their lessons though; Some got almost eaten by beasts. Some lost their way in the fog and almost died.

Even for those earnestly seeking help, not all had the luck to safely "find" the deity. But even so, when all else had failed, people would look upon this legend as their last straw of hope.

Currently, somewhere on the mountain range, a man holding an oil-paper umbrella in the drizzling rain walked with difficulty up the slippery moss stone pathway. His servant boy behind him took the water bag out from the luggage he was holding and walked faster to catch his master. "Master, please rest a bit first and drink some water."

The middle aged man stopped in his footsteps, looked ahead at the seemly endless pathway and sighed deeply. Wiping the sweat from his forehead, he took the water bag from the servant boy and took a drink.

The servant felt bad at the sight of the dark eye bags on his Master's face. Ever since Young Master got sick, the Master was filled with worry and even had many new white hair grown overnight.

A couple of days ago, the Master's acquaintance friends mentioned about the "Mountain Goddess". Thus, they travelled thousands of miles here to Shen Yin Mountain.

The two of them have at least searched for ten days already. Every day at the first ray of daylight, they travelled into the mountain but only to returned back in disappointment. Many times, they got lost inside of the dense fog of maze and almost couldn't return. In the end, they still have not even caught any sight of

the stone tablet from the legend.

And now, it was dusk again. Looked like another day gone without any result...

As they were dwelling in their disappointment, an extraordinary sight suddenly occurred in the distant horizontal. At the edge of the cloudy sky, a clearing occurred where the reddish-orange dusk light ray shone through down to the drizzling rain and elongated their shadows. Master Zhao was astonished by the sight and paused his footsteps to watch. The wind tousled his hair wildly, showing his strands of white hair in high contrast to the rest of his black hair.

Suddenly, looking at the distant foggy pathway, a spark of hope appeared in Master Zhou's eyes. He rubbed them in disbelief and stared into the distance again. After a long while, he finally shakily pointed at the silhouette of the stone slab hidden inside the fog and turned and shouted emotionally: "Zhou! Look! Isn't that the stone tablet? We're here! We finally found it! Thank the gods for pitying and blessing us!"

The servant Zhou looked at the direction Master Zhao pointed at and became teary eyed with emotion. With hands together and palms facing each other, he saluted in a circle. "Thank the gods for their blessing! Thank the gods for their blessing!" He then carelessly used the corner of his sleeve to wipe the tears in his eyes away and hurriedly stepped forward to hold steady the equally emotional Master Zhao. "Master, I knew the heaven would help those worthy of! Master's good deeds has been rewarded!"

The two had tears of happiness in their eyes as they stumbled towards the stone tablet.

The stone tablet was at the end of the pathway, standing at least 20 foot tall and surrounded by a grove of trees. There was yellow-green moss growing at the base of its grey stone. Ancient text scripted the tablet and following the scripture was four large scripted words "Yin Shi Shen Ting" meaning "the Hidden God is Listening". Looking at the strength in those calligraphy inscription strokes on the tablet, one would be overcome with an unknown sense of reverence towards it.

"This is it. This is the place..." Master Zhao excitedly muttered. Trying not to slight the "God" in any way, he respectfully bowed at the foot of the stone slab,

his servant following suit. Servant Zhou carefully took out a wooden box from the luggage bag and passed it to Master Zhao. The wooden box contained a small lock of Young Master's hair, 20 silver ingots, and a detailed letter describing the current situation at the Zhao household and Young Master's weird symptoms along with the Zhao household's address.

"I'm Zhao Tian Jin of Yao County in Shaanxi province. Lately my family has been troubled by daemons. My second son is in imminent peril. I ask for the Goddess to aid him, in return the Zhao family will be deeply grateful and will devote to worship thee." Master Zhao bowed again at the stone tablet and put the wooden box on the stone platform in front of the tablet. Then he covered the wooden box with fallen leaves he collected from around the stone slab and set them afire.

Even though the leaves were wet from rain, they easily lit up. The pile burned with an eerie blue light. Light bluish-green smoke spread lazily from it. Suddenly, the light brightened to such a blinding point that the two had to look away and step back. And when the two looked back at the stone platform, there was nothing left on it, not even any traces of ash.

"It's just as what the legend described!" The servant said with quivering voice, his eyes bulging in shock. "Mas-, Master, Young Master will be saved!"

"I sure hope so..."

...

Deep in the forest, covered by fog and mist, and the earth wet, the rain gradually stopped.

After the rain, the sky was still cloudy grey. A droplet of rain fell silently through the overhead tree leaves and hit the tiles of a roof. Inside, a grey robed woman stood in front of the window with a small wooden box held in her hands, was in thoughts.

The wind brought in the fresh, clean, and damp earthy smell through the open window and gently blew by the woman lifting a few strands of her hair locks. After a long while, she finally came back from her thoughts; her face relaxed from its concentrated look. And, combined with the setting sunlight gently framing her face giving her a soft glow and the backdrop of verdant forestry

outside, it was a sight to be held.

The woman slightly tilted her head and said in an emotionless voice: "Cat, are you still going to continue this pretense?"

Behind the woman on the bed, the cat glooming its paws stopped its licking. The harmless, innocent look in the cat's eyes was replaced by an evil gleam.

It sneered. Without moving its mouth, a pleasant female voice sounded: "If you already knew I was unordinary, why did you still save me? You and I are not of the same kind." It was a strange thing to hear such a sweet, charming voice sounded in such a taunting tone coming from this gentle and cute looking cat. It even playfully wiggled her tail after her speech, giving one the illusion of a very loveable cat.

The woman turned to look at the cat to see her lazily stretching her body.

The cat's wounds were treated and the grime from her fur were washed away. Her coat was now shiny and plush; no trace of her previously sorry sight was left. It was as if nothing had ever happened to her.

End of Chapter 1

-Little Theatre—

Cat: Woman, what deity are you? A tree daemon? A fox daemon? A spider daemon? A white crane? A tigress*? (*母老虎=tigress; in Chinese can also be used to describe a woman who is termagant)

Fan Chan (樊禪): Why are they all creatures?

Cat: I just feel you're not human* (*不是人=not human; could be implied as an insult; you're not even worth to be a human).

Fan Chan: Evil creature! We (本座*) will completely pluck your fur away! (*here Fan Chan used the royal "we"; in this case she meant to pluck away fur to punish the cat since for animal less fur means less beauty; think of animal kingdom and the survival of the fittest theory).

Cat: Yamete...!* (Blush Emotion Icon) You really are not human! (Yamete=Japanese "te" form meaning to stop. The Chinese used originally "雅蠅蝶" is the equivalent borrowed sound from Japanese which in context has the

same sexual connotation effect found in AV anime.)

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Please R&R! For the Little Theatre "Blush Emotion Icon" see it at the blog.

Little Cat & Big Dog 小猫大狗 Chapter 2, a manga fiction

Little Cat & Big Dog (小猫大狗)

By Feng Yue Bo (风月泊)

Translated by Reila Project

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LC&BD Chapter 2: Bewitched Live

The cat leisurely took a long stretch and then relaxed onto her hind legs. With a singsong chuckle, her cerulean eyes looked over as if to size up a prey.

The woman looked down and met her eyes. Both of their eyes were of beauty; but while one's was clear, deep, and serene, the other's was full of mischief and sultry.

After sizing up each other for a while, the woman slowly walked over and put the box in her hand onto the table and said: "You may be a daemon, but you have no stench of blood coming from you. That's why I happened to bring you here."

"Huff, that's because I don't kill them myself, I borrow others' hand." The cat coldly snorted, not quite happy with the woman's explanation. But her eyes still glittered with mischief and said: "So you saved me and brought me back here to try to convert me from the dark side to the light side?"

Without waiting for an answer, the cat continued: "By the way, are you the guardian of this land?" She glanced at the wooden box on the table. "You're the one those people called "Sister Taoist?" You're not...an actual mountain God, right?"

"My mortal body can't be considered as God. Exorcising daemons and ghosts are merely my way of practice to Godhood," answered the woman in a stoic voice.

Ever since she came to this world, she had stayed at this mountain to cultivate her magic and herself in her current state of Demi-God. Occasionally, she would go down the mountain to help out the mortals. Since those that seek her help had to overcome the dangers of the mountain and then only if destined to find the stone tablet, their troubles must be of desperate cause. Exorcising evil would also help cultivate her Taoist magic and God training.

But unexpectedly, gradually, the mortals began to worship her as a mountain God.

"Ah, I see...you're a Demi-God in training." The cat looked toward her, eyes gleaming and filled with depth of hidden meaning inside. In this age, God training was not uncommon, but she was unique in that not many Demi-Gods bother to accept requests from mortals. The cat said: "Thank you for saving me then. I hope we never see each other again."

She then jumped from the bed and lightly landed on the ground to leave. The women didn't stop her but said lightly: "Since you're still a daemon with an evil aroma, I cannot just let you leave." The warning from the words suddenly filled the whole room with cold and thick tension.

"HeHe!" The cat chuckled as if that was the funniest joke she had ever heard. Having already walked around the woman and at the door, she stopped in her footsteps and slightly tilted her head towards her. In a taunting voice, she said: "Are you regretting saving me? Do you want to kill me now?"

Indeed, the cat had an evil aroma, in fact a very strong daemon power. So strong that sometimes she couldn't even control it herself. In the past when she was in the Daemon world, everything was manageable, but since she sneaked out to here it became increasingly difficult to control her Daemon side. A couple of days ago, she accidentally harmed a couple of mortals and that was why she was being hunted down by a hateful discriminating Taoist.

With her wounded body and her heavily injured spirit core, she didn't know if she could defend herself. She didn't know how strong the woman was, if she wanted to kill her, the cat didn't know if she had enough power to escape even if she transformed into her Daemon self. And then, there was the risk of her losing herself and mind to the Daemon side...

The snow white cat lowered her sight in deep thought but suddenly a silver light spiralled around her front paw. Her hair puffed out in fright. "What is this?"

"It's an ancient spirit bracelet seal," answered the woman placidly as if talking about a common sight. "Let's seal your Daemon side first so it won't get out of control and thirst for blood. Then, I could help cleanse your spirit core of impurity and when you won't harm humans anymore, only then I'll let you leave."

What! The cat opened its eyes wide but pupils constricted in shock.

Having her Daemon side sealed, wouldn't that make recovering her spiritual magic even harder?! She tried to remove the black-silvery ancient bracelet but a sharp jolt of pain made her gasp for breath. After grinding her teeth and breathing hard for awhile, she finally said icily: "When the time comes, would you really free me? Aren't you afraid that when I'm free I'll just start the killing again?"

"Of course I'll honour my promise," she answered softly. "And, if after you still have thoughts of harming humans, I'll find you again and try my best to exorcise you that time."

At the words, the cat flicked her pair of fluffy ears in annoyance. She was so angry at this inflexible woman that she almost started to laugh out instead: "Aren't you butting into things that's none of your business?" If only she wasn't so wounded from that hateful Taoist's attack then she wouldn't have to be stuck in her original cat form and be bullied and humiliated by this women!

The more she thought about the situation, the more angered she became. She glared at the woman hatefully. Only after a long while did she managed to calm the hate in her heart and said in a very thorny tone: "If you're so unwilling to save me, then why pretend to be a good person and now forcefully keep me here to cleanse my Daemon. So laughable...My doings are none of your business. Even if I kill those stupid humans it's because they deserve it!"

"This world has so many Daemons and the humans are just like fish in a barrel waiting to be shot. How many of us can you exorcise and how many of those humans can you save?! You practitioners of the Light side* (正道=The right path; the good/justice side) are just self-justified, pretentious, goody two-shoed,

self-serving hypocrites. Meow~"

She was obviously trying to mock her, but the "Meow" she added at the end of the speech made the situation awkward. It wasn't intentional, so she was clearly horrified by her own action. Thus, she embarrassingly shifted her gaze away and twitched one of her ears; her imposing manner lost its momentum.

Because of this "accident", she quieted down. She was afraid of causing another embarrassment to further damage her precious reputation.

The woman seemed unfazed and said: "Go rest first."

The cat looked at her: "Aren't you afraid I'll escape?"

"There's a barrier outside, you can't pass it."

"Do you have something against me? !" The cat hissed, eyes shooting daggers at her. Begrudgingly she asked: "You, what's your name?" *So that I can remember you and get back-up for my revenge in the future!*

"Fan Chan (樊禪)." She answered frankly.

"Fan Chan...Fan Chan...Huh! This name* sounds so pure hearted and cleanse of desires. (*法号=Taoist usually have a religious name). It sooo-suit you. Meow~" She said sarcastically and lifted her chin up tauntingly.

The woman frowned and her eyes turned cold. The little cat instantly felt very satisfied and much happier. Having now calmed down, she was no longer so restless and irritated; she had this sudden enlightenment. Hence, she lazily and leisurely licked the fur on her paws. Her eyes slowly radiated off a soul sucking depth that one would lost in wonder at the beauty in them.

"What, you're angered by this?" She said leisurely. "I got trapped here for no reason and lost my freedom, yet you don't see me angry~" She then said warmly: "By the way, I'm Gou Yue (勾月), you..can call me A Yue (阿月).* Meow~" (*A/阿=Is a prefix used in this case in front of the name to show closeness/endearment in a relationship)

Her voice sounded giddy. Without waiting for the other's reaction, she turned and satisfiedly leaped onto the bed. Laying down comfortably, she closed her eyes and gently wiggled her tail back and forth. She lightly chuckled to herself in

her heart: "Hehe, Fan Chan, it's you who provoked me first. You better not regret it in the future..."

...

(Yao County, Zhao Family Resident Mansion)

Deep in the middle of the tranquil night, the light was still burning inside one particular room. Couple maids waited on the other side of the room divider while an older woman sat with worry at the side of the bed.

Lady Zhao looked at the motionless man sleeping on the bed and sighed deeply. Half a month ago, her second son fell into a deep sleep and have yet woke up. No matter how hard they tried, he won't respond. What's peculiar though was that there was a smile on his sleeping face as if he was in a sweet dream. They had many well practiced doctors came to look at him but all in no avail.

Such an peculiarity, they suspected work of Daemon sorcery and had Daoist came to cleanse him but still nothing worked. And with each passing day, the man became thinner and paler. They've force fed him some liquid food to sustain him, but at this rate he wasn't going to make it long...

"What gods have we offended?! Us Zhao family had been humble and benevolent to others. We regularly worship the gods and Buddha. Why did this calamity befell upon us!" The Lady looked at the lifeless face of her son with distress.

The Lady's handmaid walked to her to persuade her to rest: "Lady, it's late, please go get some rest. We can take care of the Young Master here." The Lady didn't respond, only silently continued tearing. Seeing this the handmaid walked even closer to comfort her: "Lady, you haven't been sleeping for the past couple of days. We are afraid that you'll collapse first in exhaustion."

"Sigh...how can I not worry," The lady finally rasped back painfully. The handmaid also felt saddened, but hurriedly added: "Didn't Master send word back that he found the Mountain God? Young Master is destined of great things; he has many more years to live. So Lady you have to take care of yourself as well, otherwise when Master comes back to see you like this, he's going to be saddened by your condition."

Lady Zhao seemed to be touched by these words, she thought about it and slowly rose from the bedside. Taking one last look at her son, the handmaid helped her walk out the room.

In the darkness of the night sky, the silvery moon shone its light down on the heavy aired resident mansion. In a remote side corridor of the mansion, a black shadow flashed by and out of sight as if nothing was there to begin with.

End Chapter 2

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Little Cat & Big Dog 小猫大狗 Chapter 3, a manga fiction

Little Cat & Big Dog (小猫大狗)

By Feng Yue Bo (风月泊)

Translated by Reila Project

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Chapter 3: Idiopathic Deep Sleep/无端沉眠

Early in the morning, with just the beginning of daylight, shops had already opened for business. People on the street busied about running their own errands.

Sometimes, a few passer-biers would pause a bit in front of the large gate of a big resident mansion and shake their head in pity before continuing their journey. This particular mansion with its gates closed tightly shut had a wooden plaque inscribed with golden letters "Zhao Resident" shining magnificently under the sunlight on top of the doorway.

The Zhao family was a big, rich family, but unlike other nobles they were humble and benevolent. They often helped out and donated food to those in need. And thus, the community respected them. Hearing of the recent incurable sickness that the Young Master was having they would all sigh in pity.

Currently, another person stopped in front of the gates, but this time the person didn't leave. Instead she stared at the gates in thought, a slight frown on her face. Behind her, a little white cat lazily sat while licking the back of her paw.

The cat was happily cleaning itself. The woman shook her robe sleeves and looked down at the cat with some disapproval. The cat felt it and shot back: "Why are you looking at me this way? You allowed me to tag along. Don't worry, I'll just be watching from the sideline. I won't cause you any trouble or harm any humans. I don't want to dirty my paws on those insignificant humans."

Gou Yue knew that Fan Chan was blaming her for scratching the human child and said: "I was only teaching that kid a lesson. It's his fault for..." She paused to collect her thought and then refuted: "That little kid has bad moral. He wanted to violate me."

Fan Chan raised her eyebrow: "That kid only wanted to pet you a bit."

"Easy for you say. If a man wanted to publicly pet you up, are you willing?!"

At this moment, with a creak, the front gate opened. A servant came out with a bamboo broom to rake the fallen leaves at the front gates. He shivered and looked up to see a beautiful woman standing in front of him.

The servant was dumbfounded, but seeing that the woman had no intention of leaving he got out of his stupor and walked up to her. He wanted to ask her intentions, but was stopped from voicing his thoughts by her unapproachable cold aura.

"You, bring me to see you Master," out of the blue, Fan Chan finally said.

As if casted under a spell, the embarrassed and awkward servant didn't doubt her command and said: "Yes, yes. Plea-, Please come this way." Only when he brought them into the front courtyard did he felt doubtful and paused in his footsteps. Before he had a chance to turn and ask though, the woman voiced in a crystal clear but icy tone: "Don't speak. I'm here to save your Young Master."

Having his thoughts seen through, the servant wisely shut his mouth. His ears red all the way to the tip, he continued to lead them. In his heart, he wondered why he was being so obedient to this beautiful Taoist; he couldn't even voice a complete sentence in refute. But, at least she was here to save Young Master, so bringing her to the antechamber couldn't be wrong...

The cat followed leisurely behind them. Probably because it hadn't been outside in such a long time everything was new to her. She curiously glanced left and right, her spirits high. Finally she lifted her head and looked back at the grey-white robed Taoist and said in her mind to her: "Hey, why can't we just sneak in here and help them instead? Why this hassle of you disguising as a Taoist? If you don't want the humans to recognize you, why don't you just erase their memory afterwards?"

"It's more complicated this time, I may need the humans' assistance so it's better to be in direct contact with them." Her clear, icy voice sounded in her ear. "Also, humans' memory can't be just randomly erased as you please. For some of them, it may cause harm."

Gou Yue stared up at the disguised face of Fan Chan. Her eyes filled with mischief and lightly laughed: "Then you can transform into an old man, that way you'll look more reputable and strong. Or, is it because you don't want to transform yourself into an ugly face?" Even though this current face was already not as pretty as her original look.

"It's because the mortals described me as a pretty Taoist," Fan Chan deadpanned emotionlessly.

The cat was speechless. She expected the normal reaction of embarrassment and denial but her straightforward answer...

At this time, the servant interrupted them: "Godde-, Noble Taoist, please come this way. Elder Young Master and Lady is currently inside the antechamber."

The Elder Young Master and the Lady was currently having breakfast in the antechamber. Seeing A Hu bringing in a stranger, puzzlement appeared on their faces. But seeing the grey-white robed Taoist, footsteps light and graceful, robe swaying gently with the wind and as if covered by a glowing mist, reminded them of an immortal being.

After they got closer, Elder Young Master stabled himself and putted down the chopsticks in his hands and inquired: "A Hu, cough, cough...this is....cough, cough..." He didn't have a chance to finish the question before his chronic illness made him cough again.

"Elder Young Master, this Noble Taoist said she could save Second Young Master," A Hu hurriedly answered. Upon hearing this, the Lady who was leaning next to the Elder Young Master trying to help him stop his cough stood up suddenly and looked at them in excitement: "Really? You can save my son?"

"Mother, please calm down first." Elder Young Master gently squeezed her hand in reassurance and then turned his attention to the stoic woman standing before them. "Madam, you said you have a way to save my brother?"

His face was pale, obviously sickly but his eyes had a sharp alertness to them. The news of his brother's strange sickness had passed far and wide, he had to be cautious of frauds. Already, a couple of day ago, two amateur Taoist had came and almost swindled them. And now this woman standing before them seemed too young to be experienced...

Seeing his doubtful look, Fan Chan took an object from the sleeves of her robe and gave it to him: "This is the keepsake your father put inside the wooden box."

Recognition flashed across Elder Young Master's face at the sight of the jade pendent. That was indeed the keepsake that his father putted inside the wooden box before he left for Shen Yin Mountain; It was the jade pendent that his brother had worn since birth. And then, combined with the news of yesterday's letter, there was no more doubt.

Shortly after, they brought Fan Chan into a room.

Entering the room, she sensed a peculiar aura. Humans wouldn't be able to see the swirling pinkish misty smoke that filled the room nor the strangely sweet smelling flowery scent scattered about. Fan Chan frowned. Her eyes quickly swept around the room once before finally landing on the figure on the bed.

The face of the young man under the blanket was ghostly pale with dark circles under his eyes but strangely enough, the corners of his mouth was turned upwards in a smile as if he was enjoying a particularly happy dream. Fan Chan walked over to him and rested two fingers on his forehead. His breathing was peaceful and regular. Nothing seemed off about his pulse as well. Yet strangely, there was no life in him, as if he was a dead person...

"He can still be saved." Pulling her hand away, she turned and said to the two waiting behind her.

"Thank goodness! Thank goodness!" The two let go of the breath they were holding; their worry half way relieved. Lady Zhao's eyes were red with tears of happiness and was going to get down to kowtow her. But Fan Chan stopped her and said: "You don't have to thank me." Then asked: "He's been like this since half a month ago?"

"Yes." Lady Zhao used a handkerchief to wipe away her tears. "We came back from Qin Ming*, Yu Er** (宇儿) looked fine, just a bit upset. He told me he

missed Fang Er** a bit. We reminisced for awhile of the past. But then, the next day....he wouldn't wake up...and it became like this..." (*Qin Ming=清明=A Chinese holiday where people go visit the graves of their ancestor and deceased relatives. **Er=儿=literally meant child, but in this case is used as a suffix after a person's name to show endearment.)

As the Lady reflected on the past, sorrow took over and tears started falling again. "Thank goodness that you're here. Otherwise, I'm going to lose another child..."

"His younger sister lost her footsteps and fell off from a window in his childhood. She left us at such a young age, and now if anything happens to Yu Er, I...I don't think I could live..."

"Mother, what are you saying," Elder Young Master hurried to comfort her, "Little brother has the help of the Goddess, there definitely won't be any problem."

After hearing the story, Fan Chan lowered her head in thought. Suddenly, raucous from outside the room distrusted the silence; it was the loud barks of a dog. Elder Young Master walked outside and saw a snow white cat elegantly sat in front of the door while their Shepard dog barked at it non-stop.

"Wher-, Where did this cat came from?" Elder Young Master asked the maids but they all shook their head.

"I brought it." Fan Chan said indifferently from behind him. She almost forgot about this cat.

"Oh, it's the Goddess' pet!" Elder Young Master exclaimed in surprise. Afraid to anger the Goddess, he hurried to stop the dog: "Stop! A Liu! Cough...What are you barking for? Go away, away! Cough, cough..." This agitated him to start coughing again. For some odd reason today, this normally very obedient dog still wouldn't drop its guard towards this fluff of white.

"Woof! Woof, woof, woof!" Its hair puffed out and stood from their ends, teeth bared, eyes glared at the cat angrily as if ready to pounce on it at any moment.

Gou Yue got deeply annoyed by the barking. Dogs, she never liked this type of

creature; they indeed had no manners and were very stupid. And this dog's owner was not any better. Who said she was the Goddess'pet? She wanted to rip that sickly face apart!

She gracefully unsheathed her sharp claws and coldly looked over, then narrowed her eyes and sent out a murderous aura. Elder Young Master felt a sudden drop in temperature and the dog abruptly stopped its barking as if spooked. It then whimpered and ran away with its tail between its legs.

Lady Zhao and the servants there were all stupefied by the event. Fan Chan indifferently glanced at them and continued: "Okay, now everyone please leave the room."

"Oh, okay." Elder Young Master signalled to the servants: "Everyone can leave here, this place temporarily wouldn't be needed to be waited on." "Understood." The servants obediently left the area, but not before first taking a quick peak at Fan Chan. The white cat by the doorway looked down on them coldly and then entered the room.

Fan Chan said to the remaining mother and son: "You two leave too."

"Ah?! This..."

"I understand your worry, but if you two stay here it will hinder me." She said with unashamed frankness, then handed them a stack of talisman paper. "Have them pasted on the two sides of the front gate, and on the outer wall at every three feet from west to south. In addition, I don't want anyone to disturb us here and don't let anyone leave or enter into the mansion.

"If that's so...okay. We understood." Elder Young Master answered with seriousness. He had long heard of this Half-Diety's methods and understood the seriousness of the situation. He obediently followed her instructions. "Mother, let's leave the room and not get in her Taoist's way.

"Oh, alright..." She answered reluctantly eyes still looking at her second son. Finally, she looked at the Goddess and said earnestly: "Thank you Noble Taoist." And then left the room with her elder son.

The cat at the side listening to the whole conversation stretched lazily. She waved away the pink mist lurking around her in annoyance. Fan Chan quickly

walked over to the door and sealed it with two talisman paper. Returning to the bed side, she send a bit of her spirit aura inside the young man and checked his condition. As she had thought, there was no soul inside of the body.

"If I haven't mistaken, this is a work of the Dream Daemon." She said quietly.

Fan Chan didn't notice the oddity of Gou Yue's reaction to her words and continued: "Dreams come from the heart and the Dream Daemon are created from the deepest regret of the heart. They feed off the darkness of the human's hearts in the form of dreams." She then frowned. "Truthfully though, pretty much everyone had their dreams eaten by a Dream Daemon at some point of their lives. But, it's the first time that this had became an issue where it endangers a human life."

"This is a bit of a special case. Maybe this human's dream was too addicting to this Dream Daemon and so the prolonged sleep and dream had caused his soul to leave the body."

End of Chapter 3

-Little Theater-

Gou Yue: This transformation disguise...in truth, you really secretly love to cosplay, right?!

Fan Chan: (answering stoically) Impossible.

Gou Yue: (covering her laughter behind her paws) Then what's with all the accessory tools and costumes hiding under your bed ~~

Fan Chan: ... Come over here and let We erase your memory!

-End-